

CONTEMPORARY MACEDONIAN POETRY

Zaklina Mihajlova

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# RUSTLE

Haiku



**BRAN**

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Zaklina Mihajlova

**RUSTLE**

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ZAKLINA MIHAJLOVA

# RUSTLE

Haiku



**BRAN**

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**1**

The risk is great:  
The tortoise sticks out  
its neck – it advances!

**2**

The summer is on fire,  
the redness plays  
in the memories!

**3**

Summer heat ...  
Microbes dying  
- clothes on the line!

**4**

Summer sun  
drowning in the ocean.  
Indelible sight.

**5**

Crowded beach,  
lazy people lying on sand.  
The summer passing...

**6**

Dusk!  
Birds chirping in summer,  
heavenly impression!

**7**

Summer is coming.  
The sun and the water,  
a love game.

**8**

Like real silk!  
Sunrise on the lake,  
summer decoration.

**9**

Clear and close,  
the moon whispering  
only in summer.

**10**

Golden summer night:  
crickets, fireflies and power...  
Eco-mus(e)ic!

**11**

Sun's yarn,  
summer dream pouring  
love in the afternoon.

**12**

Silver glittering,  
the thrilled lake  
telling secrets.



**13**

Bloody sunset  
calmly running away,  
It's autumn already!

**14**

Weeping willow  
sadly reflecting  
in the calm stream.

**15**

Jinxed in the morning,  
running like a headless chicken at  
noon,  
weariness at night.

**16**

Show, my Lord, show,  
mercy, joy and love,  
despite it being autumn.

**17**

Spring weaving  
new nets of life,  
timeless trap!

**18**

Everything revolved  
around the youth,  
youth is gone!

**19**

Like winter clearing  
the baby's soul is,  
gentle and white!

**20**

I want the best!  
The best wants me,  
my soul!

**21**

Life goes by too fast,  
it seems like being at one station,  
From dawn to dusk!

**22**

Old memories  
are heavy and sparkly  
like precious stones!

**23**

The blue sparrow  
jumping all the time,  
carefree joy.

**24**

It's a new spring,  
the barren branches are dressed  
in new clothes!

**25**

Throw me a thought at least,  
to light me up inside,  
to shine in secret!

**26**

The fate is  
both a priceless sun  
and a lightning!

**27**

My destiny,  
come out from the darkness,  
show yourself!

**28**

Red, juicy  
watermelon is licked by  
the flies first!

**29**

There is clean air,  
breathe greedily,  
Cheers!

**30**

Calmness is  
blissful peace for humankind!  
Practice it!

**31**

Flies are buzzing,  
is it going to rain or is it reeking from  
the surrounding?

**32**

Flying off the handle!  
No sense of shame  
have people today!

**33**

Like red wine  
is love found  
in old age!

**34**

The vast sky  
has secrets too,  
mercilessly!

**35**

The kingdom has its witness  
in the old and strong oak,  
crowns were made!

**36**

The wind is blowing,  
cleaning the air,  
everyone is running away!!!



**37**

The hedge is  
alive, thick and beautiful.  
Erosion, stop!

**38**

The spider builds  
webs intentionally,  
feast with the prey!

**39**

Green pine trees  
with their scent and sap  
appealing!

**40**

Open fire  
has a mighty magic,  
fuelling rage!

**41**

Careless are  
both nature and the home,  
the wedding is over!

**42**

In its own time  
everything comes, happens  
and goes away.

**43**

Squawking all day  
the magpies on the mountain.  
They are lonely!

**44**

Think first of  
the consequences when  
you get angry.

**45**

The chaos in this  
perfect order will be  
your guide.

**46**

Clear life  
of 'dead wood',  
Revive again!

**47**

Know sadness,  
it will teach you to appreciate  
the true joy!

**48**

Even the storks  
go back,  
I can't!

**49**

Everyone  
is supposed to be born good.  
What will become of them?

**50**

Your soul  
is content if you make a desired wish  
come true.

**51**

Open your mind  
before you open  
your mouth!

**52**

The truth is  
important once you see  
the end!

**53**

Good health  
is the jewel in your crown,  
quiet life!

**54**

The most important thing  
on a long journey is the company,  
for it to be joyful!

**55**

Melting as  
a wax candle, daily  
I slowly disappear!

**56**

On the outside  
getting older every day, inside  
I revive!

**57**

To everything  
there is a season,  
wait for the right moment!

**58**

The earth breathes  
tales or stories...  
Stop, listen!

**59**

Blood-thirsty are  
the vultures, lurking!  
May he rest in peace!

**60**

The cold was biting,  
even the eaves were crying.  
A baby girl was born!



**61**

Gentle breeze  
blow away the ill fortune,  
let the tears flow!

**62**

Fifty-five  
nightingales were singing,  
happy for you!

**63**

Breathing together  
the leaf and I peacefully,  
in harmony.

**64**

Spectrum of light,  
illuminates a mountain.  
Glistening secrets!

**65**

Light hollowing out  
the sky, opening it  
- stabbed with arrows!

**66**

A ray of hope  
warms the world gently,  
not everyone is evil.

67

The equinox –  
running wild in spring,  
sad in autumn!

68

Summer heat  
drying up a brook. Piping hot,  
barren land everywhere!

69

Rime in the forest!  
Winter's silver breath  
chimes.

**70**

The stork has left!  
There is no life in the nest.  
Sadly lying empty...

**71**

Winter sky  
empty, gray and sad...  
Pecking sparrow!

**72**

Serene, clear night!  
Winter moon capturing  
the heart.

**73**

Moonlight!

Two souls warming up together,  
but there is no fire!

**74**

I am tired!

Travelling through a vague dream...  
I am a wilted flower.

**75**

An empty winter day!  
Only a blown up ego  
is in full sight.

**76**

It's spring.  
All of a sudden it's raining.  
Tears, still painful...

**77**

What is love about?  
Shown skilfully by  
the town clock.

**78**

It's autumn.  
Good evening my river,  
are you still flowing?

**79**

The train passed by,  
I saw you again by chance,  
poppy juice.

**80**

When eyes meet eyes,  
the star twinkles  
dropping poison.

**81**

The old age is frail,  
The story preceding it  
is very powerful.

**82**

Be the light!  
No amount of darkness  
will hide you then.

**83**

Don't make them happy!  
Only when you stumble  
the wicked will get you!

**84**

Dance "oro"\*,  
at your music,  
but at our beat!

---

\*Oro - Traditional Macedonian ring dance



**85**

Step to the peak,  
The mountain is already  
lost from sight.

**86**

A raven  
stopped on my fence.  
We are chatting!

**87**

Falling leaves!  
Wind sadly singing.  
Posthumous tango!

**88**

Late autumn!  
Years have passed.  
The choice is mine...

**89**

Different colours  
of nature are your  
key to life.

**90**

At night in the sky  
the stars lurk alone.  
I make them timeless...

**91**

It's summer again.  
The kangaroos come back to  
the old homeland.

**92**

Hustle and bustle at the market!  
Only the fly is licking  
the juicy grapes.

**93**

I'm singing an ode  
to nature, sitting in front of  
the computer.

**94**

In the dead of the night  
even the moon is alone  
among people!

**95**

The dog is barking!  
Even it has sinned and  
asks for forgiveness.

**96**

It's autumn.  
I'm still not alone.  
The shadow follows me.

**97**

Yellow quince  
shamefully rotting away.  
Attacked by a worm!

**98**

The snake is waking up.  
The dream is in the past.  
Hunger and warmth...

**99**

The chimney is still standing.  
The house is long gone.  
Trace of a warm home...

**100**

A bed in the home!  
Bedridden old woman...  
The key is in the book.

**101**

Candles burning,  
flowers withering away,  
Silence at the cemetery.

**102**

Still grieving for him!!!  
We were not invited to the cemetery,  
no one is to be shown!

**103**

End of the road!  
Crying ends here!  
She was buried...

**104**

Returning home!  
Unknown faces everywhere.  
My God, where am I?

**105**

Dried up are  
the rows of orchard trees.  
People have left!

**106**

Emigration...  
The peak is Golgotha, grief!  
There is no return.

**107**

Sticker on the door!  
Visitors must have come.  
Uninvited!

**108**

Old climbing grapevine!  
Walnut and beech trees in the yard,  
alone at home.



**109**

Noise at the window!  
Has the wind gone crazy?  
Why is it here?

**110**

Clothes hanging.  
Gymnastics on the washing line.  
They are dry!

**111**

The stork has arrived.  
Is it bringing babies  
or diseases?

## 112

Everyone liked  
the beauty queen.  
She is still alone...

## 113

A pearl bead,  
made in suffering...  
No way out from us!

## 114

Autumn shedding tears!  
There is nothing left for her.  
Sorrow for the youth.

**115**

They are exhausted  
but still need attention,  
the old people.

**116**

The old key  
doesn't open the house.  
Broken dreams.

**117**

Blazing fire.  
It was warm in winter  
at my nanna's.

**118**

Old age brings back  
memories and habits  
from the young days.

**119**

Ten years  
you've been lying below nine inches...  
Emptiness, daddy!

**120**

It's translucent!  
In my footing,  
the poems lie!

**121**

It's snowing outside.  
Child licking an icicle.  
Winter's idyll!

**122**

Roundabout on the road.  
Tourist from Australia.  
Left, then right.

**123**

Fire blazing!  
The flame savagely eating  
the eucalyptus.

**124**

Madness  
flooded me.  
The river flows...

**125**

The old stork is  
sad and powerless.  
Not going to the south.

**126**

A mouse in the house.  
Is it a visitor or profit of doom?  
The drama continues...

**127**

Blind alley in the town,  
The blind is always led there  
by some signs.

**128**

Life spent  
without nightingale singing.  
It's overseas.

**129**

Fun...  
Nature is pretty,  
I saw it on Facebook...

**130**

Do you need to run?  
I did run through the computer.  
Does it count?

**131**

Potato sprouts.  
New life is born.  
Desire to be young!

**132**

Rows of ants.  
Coming back from work.  
It's enough for today.



Petko Sipinkarovski

## **ONE POEM, ONE STORY**

Zaklina Mihajlova: Rustle, Bran, 2015

***Open your mind  
before you open  
your mouth!***

The latest book by Zaklina Mihajlova, entitled RUSTLE, presents a diverse formation of poems, blended into a rhapsody of sweeping waves overfilled with emotions of love, joy, sadness, nostalgia, zest, zeal, and at the same time with coldness of spiritual time unrest... This is her second book of haiku poems which enriches both the contemporary Macedonian and wider literature, as Mihajlova writes not only in Macedonian but also in English and her work is spread on several continents (Europe, Oceania...).

After publishing the books of poetry, „Walking on wire“ (2013) and „Clone“ (2014), and soon after the book of haiku poetry „Blossom“ (2014), the author also published

the impressive children's storybook, „Santa's Journey“ (2014), all of them confirming that using a diversity of genres and adapting the written word for different age groups are her virtues.

In „RUSTLE“, now as a confirmed haiku master, she creates a new set of poems, conveyed in prose poetic rustle of vibrations, traits and colours.

This time, same as in „Blossom“, through 132 haiku messages, Zaklina Mihajlova creates inextricable, but still clearly separate parts of every mini composition which races through the unquenchable space of our existence in time as beings, figures, visions, as the „sun's yarn“, as if:

In its own time everything comes, happens and goes away.

Or perhaps, the book "Rustle" is nothing else but a new observation of feelings of happiness and events likened to the shine and dazzle of a rainbow. Through its recognisable three-line style, a collection of global lyric miniatures are woven – each representing a unit, a poem, a story, tiny in the drowsiness of the Macedonian-Japanese dusk, where everything is born, lives and dies:

Summer heat / drying up a brook. Piping hot /  
barren land everywhere!

Like in a haibun, Mihajlova reminds,  
and also warns through: The spider builds /  
webs intentionally,/ Feast with the prey! that  
the physical existence is not only figurative,  
bleak, unremarkable but also bitter and sad;  
Know sadness,/ It will teach you to appreciate  
/ the true joy!, which swirls in the whirlpool of  
truth: The truth is / important once you see /  
the end!, as the poetess is moulded in infinity:  
Melting as / a wax candle, daily / I slowly  
disappear! , against the low intelligence as a  
product of cruelty and ruthlessness: Blood-  
thirsty are / the vultures, lurking! / May he  
rest in peace!

Zaklina Mihajlova has paved her own  
haiku pathway where she strides bravely and  
courageously, according to the handful  
embraces (Hristo Petreski) of collected  
powerful metaphors in objective messages of  
reality in poems of the haiku genre in an  
entwined network: love: Throw me a thought  
at least,/ to light me up inside,/ to shine in  
secret!; nostalgic: Emigration.../  
The peak is Golgotha, grief! / There is no  
return; sad: Candles burning, /

Flowers withering away, / Silence at the cemetery; as well as returning to reality where „everything revolves, everything is changing “and regarding the transience, she says: In its own time / everything comes, happens / and goes away. The poetess is a timeless traveller in the "eternal Now" which drills and leaves huge traces in the global genre of the haiku composition. The poetess observes the haiku poetry from the outside experiences it from the inside and pours it out and distributes it as seeds and fruits of experienced joy and grief.

Therefore, the publishing of „Rustle“ is important in the Macedonian literature because, rightly Mihajlova ushers us in the global literary structure named haiku, which, all in all, presents sprouts in the summer heat of the systems and values which are read only once, but remembered forever...



## A Note about the Author

Zaklina Mihajlova is a teacher, poetess, writer, activist and humanist, promoter of Macedonian language and culture. She works voluntarily on organizing and creating events aimed at encouraging the preservation of Ma-

cedonian culture, language and traditions in the world.

From a very early age, she has worked in the fields of literature and culture, and she has been using all her knowledge and experience to laud the famed, the ancestors, MACEDONIANS and MACEDONIA.

She has published poetry and prose in numerous literary magazines, newspapers, literature portals around the world. To date, she has published the poetry books „Walking on Line” (bilingual), „Clone“, the book of haiku poems entitled „Blossom” (bilingual), as well

as the children's storybook „Santa's Journey” (bilingual).

She won the "Immigrants' Decree 2013", awarded by the House of Immigrants of Macedonia. She has also received numerous awards at many annual literary competitions around the world.

Zaklina is a member of the Literary Association of Macedonia, the Association of Journalists of Macedonia and the Macedonian Literary Society, "Grigor Prlicev", from Sydney. She is also a member of the Australian Haiku Society and the NSW Writers Centre in Australia. Her work can be found on [www.zaklinamihajlova.com.au](http://www.zaklinamihajlova.com.au) or she can be contacted on: [zaklinamihajlova@gmail.com](mailto:zaklinamihajlova@gmail.com)